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# THE IMMORTAL LURE



# THE IMMORTAL LURE

BY  
CALE YOUNG RICE

AUTHOR OF  
A NIGHT IN AVIGNON, YOLANDA OF CYPRUS, CHARLES DI  
TOCCA, DAVID, MANY GODS, NOWANA DAYS, ETC.



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— infinite passion and pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn



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# GIORGIONE

## CHARACTERS

GIORGIONE . . . .	<i>A Young Painter</i>
ARETINO . . . .	<i>A Dissolute Poet</i>
TITIAN . . . . .	<i>Another Painter</i>
BELLINI . . . . .	<i>The Former Master of Giorgione and</i> <i>Titian</i>
GIGIA . . . . .	<i>An old woman serving Giorgione</i> <i>and</i>
ISOTTA	

## GIORGIONE

SCENE: *A work-room of GIORGIONE on the edge of the Lagoon in which lie the Campo Santo and Murano. It is littered with brushes, canvases, casts, etc., and its walls are frescoed indiscriminately with saints and bacchantes, satyrs and Madonnas, on backgrounds religious or woodland. A door is on the right back; and foliate Gothic windows, in the rear, reveal the magic water with its gliding gondolas. On a support toward the centre of the room is a picture — covered; and not far from it, a couch.*

*Late Afternoon.*

GIORGIONE, *who has been sitting anguished on the couch, rises with determined bitterness. As he does so, BELLINI enters anxiously.*

*Bellini.* Giorgione!

*Giorgione (turning).* It is you?

*Bellini.* Your word came to me,  
In San Lazzario where I labored late,  
And shakes my troubled heart. You will not do this!

*Giorgione.* Yes!

*Bellini.* How, my son! her picture! as  
a wanton's!

*Giorgione.* Tho it has been till now my adoration!  
The fairest of my dreams and the most holy!  
Yes, by the virtue of all honest women,  
If such there be in Venice,  
I swear it shall be borne by ribald hands  
Thro the very streets.

*Bellini.* My son!

*Giorgione.* A public thing!

[*Points to picture.*

Fit for the most lascivious! who now  
Shall gaze on what I had beheld alone,  
On what was purer to me than the Virgin!  
The very pimps and panders of the Piazza



Shall if they will whet appetite upon it,  
And smack their losel lips.

*Bellini.* And to what end?

*Giorgione.* Her shame!

*Bellini.*            The deeds of wounded pride  
                         and love

Work not so, but fall back upon the doer —  
Or on some other.

*Giorgione.* I care not!

*Bellini.* Nor have,

Ever, to heed me! as Aretino,  
Who turns your praise to Titian, has told.  
For your wild will runs ever without curb,  
And I who reared you, as my very own,  
Must pay the fall.

*Giorgione.*                   No!

*Bellini.* And the piety

I would have won you to in the past days  
Is wasted. The Madonnas  
I painted with a heart inspired of Heaven  
You paint with pride.

*Giorgione.* But with all gratitude!  
Ah yes, believe me,  
And with a rich remembrance!  
For scarce oblivion could wipe from me  
How as a wasted lad I came to Venice —  
A miserable, patched and pallid waif,  
With but an eye to see and hand to shape!  
You took me from the streets and taught me all  
The old can teach the young, until my name  
Is high in Venice —  
Linked with that of Beauty—  
“Giorgione! our Giorgione!” do they cry  
On the canals, the very gondoliers.  
And in a little while it should have glowed  
Immortal on the breast of Italy,  
As does Apelles on the page of Greece,  
For I was half-divine, until ——

*Bellini.* Until  
A girl whom you had fixed your heart upon  
With boundless folly, you who should have  
lived

With but one passion — that of brain and brush —  
Until she ——

*Giorgione.* Say it!

*Bellini.* This Isotta ——

*Giorgione.* Ail

Whom I had chosen o'er a hundred others

To soar with!

To soar and then in wedded peace to prize!

This false Isotta

Whom in poverty

I found, as you found me, and loved to madness.

This fair Isotta

Whom I would have made

All Venice to be a halo for — as were

Cities of old for queens of sceptred love:

Until she leaves, departs, forsakes me, goes

Away, worthless away, from my true arms,

With Luzzi, a lank boy.

*Bellini.* So. And most strange.

*Giorgione.* No, nothing a woman does is ever  
strange!

Will they not cloak a lie in innocence,  
A treachery in veiling soft caresses —  
Tho to the Mass unceasingly they fare  
And say like her their aves night and noon?  
Have they a want that wantons not with guile,  
A tear that is not turgid with deceit?  
Are not their passions blown by every wind?  
Have they not all the straying heart of Helen?  
Then why must I,  
Who had in me a hope  
That rivalled Raphael's or Leonardo's,  
Keep, cozened so, that I condemn her shame?

*Bellini.* Because she is a woman — whom you  
tempted,

Tho with all trust to wed her — and you know not  
Whether her going was of shamelessness.

*Giorgione (laughing bitterly).* Or whether she  
may not yet return, today,  
And with a heart that is a nymph's, a soul  
That is a nun's,  
Beguile me back to doting?

Whether she may not —

With that body God

**Might once, deceived, have moulded angels after —?**

Then flaunt her thralling of me to the world.

Whose ready lips should laugh where'er we went

And whisper, "Isotta, there! Giorgione's mistress!

Who makes a mocking of him?"

*Bellini.*

**Never! never!**

Only your unrelenting brain would think it.

For this I know of her, that tho she has

Deserted you for what must seem to be

Only a new-found passion —

Yet is she womanly, and did you give her,

As now you mean, to avoid lusting eyes,

Life would be smitten from her.

*Giorgione.*

As it should!

*Bellini.* And then from you, repentant of her fate?

No, no, my son, I have not seen you rise,

A planet from the sea, the world's first painter,

To set in this:

You owe my fathering more.

And listen, I have brought to you a way

Of laurels for forgetting. I have come

With a commission from the Signoria,

*[Takes it from his breast.*

Which names you the chief glory of this city

And votes you proud permission to adorn

San Marco's highest altar with perfection.

*Giorgione.* And which I spurn, an insult in its  
pity!

*[Flings it from him.*

As they shall learn — these silk and velvet Signors,

Whose condescending ducats buy the dreams

Of the immortal!

Or no! . . . I meant not that — to wound  
a kindness.

*Bellini.* Your ways have ever been the ways of  
wounding.

*Giorgione.* And to the end must be. (*Brokenly*)

For now my hand

Is palsied! I can never paint again.

Colour and shaping light turn in my soul

To chaos and to blindness — to despair!

The brush I lift, to sterile pain more loth!

I yearn and impotence alone arises.

That picture has dried beauty's vein within me

And left me . . . Ah! . . . She shall

atone it! (*calls*) Gigia!

Shameless she is and shall be seen it! — Gigia! —

[*Bitterly.*]

Aretino, who is the tongue of lewdness,

And Titian, who trips to it, may gloat,

[GIGIA *hobbles in.*]

But they —

*Bellini.* Giorgione! you have sent for them?

*Giorgione (to GIGIA).* Whoever seeks my door  
is bidden — all!

*Gigia.* Yes, Messer Giorgio.

*Giorgione (as she delays).* Go.

*Gigia.* Before I speak?

*Giorgione.* Of what?

*Gigia.*               How can I tell you, if I may  
Not speak? And you should hear. . . (*Cross-  
ing herself*) It is the plague.

A whisper is about  
That it has broken out at last in Venice.

[GIORGIONE *staring at her, trembles and seems  
slowly stricken — while his eyes fill as  
with some evil irrecoverable remembrance.*

*Bellini* (*fearing for him*). Giorgione!

*Giorgione.*           Oh! . . . and yet . . .  
nothing . . . a dream

That came to me last night — as if from death.

*Bellini.* Then, O my son, it is a premonition,  
A pall against this purpose! that you may  
Not let these ribald two —  
Aretino, this poet and depraver,  
And Titian snared within his pagan senses,  
Enter and gaze upon. . . . O boy, you will  
not!

Despoil the picture,  
Scatter it to the seas,



And vow never again to paint another,  
Tho that would break my heart, but promise me——

*[A knocking interrupts, and a voice without calls  
lustily:*

*Voice:* The gods of paint and passion ever gird  
us!

Where's Messer Giorgione? Ho! Ho, ho!

*[GIGIA hurries out.*

*Giorgione (after a pause, calling).* Aretino!

*Arelino.* Ai, light of ladies' eyes!

And with him a better! Shall we sing for entrance?

*(Begins)* — A wench I had,

But where is she—?

A-ho!

Old Gigia, is it? Then we come apace,

*[Enters leeringly with TITIAN.*

Like satyrs to the piping of Adonis!

*[With irony.*

A health to you, O heaven-born of Venice!

*[To BELLINI.*

And to you, glorious dauber of Madonnas!  
But, bah! the smell of melancholy! Come,  
What is it? The tale is out about the maid?  
And therefore tears?

[*Laughs.*

Well, by the lids of Venus, Giorgio,  
It serves you well — or Eve was not a woman!  
There were too many ripe for your assay.  
Why, I believe that every damsel's lips  
On the lagoons were pinched with longing for you!  
    *Titian.* Or enough, at least, to send spleen,  
        Giorgio,  
Into my eyes.

*Giorgione.*           They will no more, Titian.

*Aretino.* In sooth! for since one wench in all the  
        world

Prefers another, he will play the monk!  
Since she, the amorous sun-kissed Isotta,  
Had charms too fair for *one* to satisfy!  
And yet — to choose this Luzzi,  
This swaddling acolyte of Innocence,

For her new light-o'-love! to choose him out,  
When, for a whiff, she might have had my arms ——

[GIORGIONE *quivers*.

O, Titian, by the gods!

*Bellini.*                      Aretino! . . .

*Giorgione.* Stay, let him speak, my master, as  
he wills.

*Aretino.* I say then, Seraph, of your amorosa,  
That she deceived me —  
That I thought her dreams  
Were chaster than the moon, or by my beard,  
Which is not born, I should have tricked her senses  
Away from you . . . if lies and treachery  
And tempting honeyed verses could have done it!  
For an Elysium like her warm round body  
I never looked upon.

*Bellini.*                      Aretino!

*Giorgione.* Peace! he shall speak! for this is  
what should be.

*Aretino.* Ai, Messer Bellini, and your age for-  
gets

That he is well consoled with the dear thought  
That her first joy was his.

*Bellini.* Ah! . . .

*Aretino.* And that vision —!

Why, I have peeped upon her face, no farther.  
But to have seen the beauty he has seen,  
The Aphrodite-dream of loveliness,  
I would have dared virginity's last door.

*Giorgione.* Then you shall see it.

*Bellini.* My son!

*Giorgione.* Yes, tho I die!

*Aretino.* How, what is this?

*Giorgione* (*going to picture*). Aretino, Titian —  
You are here, tho there is less than love between us:  
For, pardon, if I say that you sometimes  
Have loathed my triumphs.

*Titian.* That is so, Giorgione.  
But with the brush I yet shall equal them.

*Giorgione.* You shall surpass them. For my  
last is done.

*Titian.* Come, do you jest?

*Giorgione.* My last, and it is there!

*[Points to picture.*

There that you two whose tongues have been so  
busy

About the streets with laughing and innuendo,

From ear to ear with jest and utter joy —

You, Titian, a sycophant of Fame,

And you, Aretino, who incarnate lust,

May know that Giorgione is above you.

You coveted Isotta with your eyes,

Now you shall have her as shall all the world!

*[Flings the curtain back from the picture then  
sinks to the couch.*

*As they gaze on the unclothed form, BELLINI  
turns away, when he sees ISOTTA enter.*

*She is pale and ill, but moves smilingly  
down toward GIORGIONE, till happening  
to see the picture, she gives a deep cry.*

*GIORGIONE, springing to his feet, dazedly  
beholds her.*

*Bellini (speechless till he sees ISOTTA'S pallor).*

Isotta! you are ill! . . . . O would my breath  
Had never lasted to this evil hour —!

Shall I not bring the leech? (*when she does not  
answer; to GIORGIONE*) This price has pride!

[*He goes: then ARETINO and TITIAN. The  
curtain falls back.*

*Isotta (whose eyes have closed).* The flesh of  
women is their fate forever!

My poor, poor body! all I had to give  
So desecrated.

*Giorgione (hoarsely).* Why have you come here?

*Isotta.* To see Messer Giorgione — who is brave.

[*Smiles as one shattered.*

To hear Messer Giorgione — who is gentle  
And honourable to women who are weak.  
To — heal Messer Giorgione — then to die!

*Giorgione.* Rather to kill!

*Isotta.* Why, it may be. If love  
Still leads me, it were best that it be slain.

*Giorgione.* The love of a wanton?

*Isotta (slowly).* Who beholds her body

Given . . . to unabated eyes — yet lives?

I think it must be so.

*Giorgione.* Alluring lies!

Out of pale lips of treachery but lies!

You have returned to me, whom you have cursed

With craving for you,

With an immortal love,

Because this lisping Luzzi,

With whom you fled, weary of falsity,

Has cast you off.

*Isotta (gently).* Kind Luzzi!

*Giorgione.* Ah! and blind?

Not knowing that you now are here again,

Where you disrobed to my adoring soul,

But thinking that you wait him with fair eyes

Of fond expectancy — as once for me!

Believing that your breath is beating only

With ecstasy for him!

*Isotta.* He is — but Luzzi!

*Giorgione.* And I but Giorgione, smiling quean!

[*She turns paler.*]

But Giorgione, a vassal to your sway?  
Back to your orgies! and may Venus, goddess  
Of black adulteries, but not of love,  
Be with them! May your blood, that I believed  
Vestal to all but me, run vile with passions  
As any nymph's of Bacchus!  
May your body,  
That I have painted here, be to all time  
An image of soul-cheating chastity!

*[His words have struck her down — and over-  
whelm him.]*

O, I am lost, lost, lost forevermore.

*[Falls into a seat.]*

*Isotta (at length, from the couch, gathering strength).*

No, I have come for saving, Giorgione.

Now I can speak — but there is little time,  
(*Strangely*) For Night is coming.

*Giorgione (startled to questioning).* Isotta?

*Isotta.*

The still Night,

With Death's dark Gondola to waft me o'er.

*[Then as he realizes.]*



Nay, stay, stay! leave me not. There is no help.  
For it must be. . . A voice Beyond has said it.  
And ere I drift out on the darkening ebb ——

*Giorgione.* Isotta!

*Isotta.* Peace must be Giorgione's too.

*Giorgione.* Speak — yet it cannot be — my heart  
is dead.

*Isotta.* Then it shall rise again.— O Giorgione,  
My lover once and lord, could you believe,  
Even tho I went away from you and with  
Another, that unchastity could touch  
This body which had been holy to you?

*Giorgione.* Isotta!

*Isotta.* It is true that I deceived you,

[*With mystic fervor.*

True that I went away from you and wed  
Another ——

*Giorgione.* Ah!

*Isotta.* And yet it was not Luzzi!

[*As he gazes.*

Do you not know? you who so oft have told  
On saintly walls the Magdalen's sad tears?  
Sin, sin had seized me!  
Sin with you to whom  
I gave my body and soul unboundedly.  
We revelled in unwedded ecstasy,  
Laughed in our love over the starred lagoons.  
Sang till the lute was like a thing that lived,  
Danced happy as the fauns and nereids  
That oft you told me of —  
And clasped and kissed,  
O kissed — until I knew that but one way  
Was left to save my soul, Giorgione, one —  
To wed me with the vows and veil to Christ.

[*Gazes at a crucifix*

*Giorgione.* Isotta!

*Isotta.*

I am His! I fled to Him!

The Convent opened its grey arms to take me,  
Santa Cecilia of the Healing Heart,  
And Luzzi kindly led me to its door —  
That you might so be foiled of following.

And with long vigils, fasts and penances  
And prayers I sought oblivion of your face.  
Until this illness strangely fell upon me.  
I could not die until you, shriven too . . . .

*Giorgione.* Isotta! My Isotta!

*[Falls penitent before her, weeping.*

*Isotta (her heart eased).* Peace, at last.

*Giorgione (rising).* Ah yes! and I am viler than  
the vilest!

For who remembers not that purity  
Is priceless, ends impoverished of honour.  
And yet . . . there is no wrong irreparable!  
And you must live tho all the angels die —  
Live and be loosed from vows too vainly breathed,  
That wedded we may win again delight!  
Still I am Giorgione, and the sin  
That we have sinned shall be painted away  
With holy pictures . . . .

*Isotta.* Only the dead are holy,  
Or they who die, tho living, to the world.

*[Sees the picture.*

And eyes have looked upon me —  
Hot eyes that burn my body up with shame.  
Farewell, the tide will cool me, the lone wave  
That washes in from Lido to my grave.

*[Looks toward the Campo Santo.]*

*Giorgione.* Isotta!

*Isotta (fainter).* Night, the Night! . . .

*Giorgione.* O stay! . . .

*Isotta (in a fixed vision).* It comes,  
The Gondola! (*as if to an unseen Presence*) Row on,  
row on.

*[She dies. He sinks beside her stricken and still.]*

*GIGIA enters.*

*Gigia.* Messer Giorgione, one has come to say——

*[Sees them, goes near and lifts ISOTTA'S hand.]*

*Then, dropping it with terror.*

The plague! the plague! Ah!

*Giorgione (rising).* Woman, is it true?

*[GIGIA flees.]*

*(Mortally moved)*

Isotta, this kiss then of all the kisses  
That I have slain thee with will God who dwells  
In universal chastity forgive.

*[He kneels and presses his lips fervently to hers.]*

CURTAIN



ARDUIN

## CHARACTERS

ARDUIN (*of Provence*)    *An Alchemist*

ION    . . . . .    *His Nephew*

RHASIS    . . . . .    *An Arab, his attendant and assistant*

MYRRHA    . . . . .    *A Greek Girl*



## ARDUIN

TIME: *The Fifteenth Century.*

PLACE: *Egypt.*

SCENE: *The laboratory of ARDUIN in a house on Nile opposite Cairo. It is a large room on the walls of which mystic figures of the Hermetic philosophy are drawn, together with the zodiac and other astronomical signs; and many strange objects, animal and mineral, are to be seen placed about. In the rear centre is a large sarcophagus. On either side broad window openings reveal the Egyptian night, and one frames the moonlit Sphinx and Pyramids. Toward the right front is a furnace with alembics, retorts, etc.; right and left are doors, and on the left and back another alcove before which hang curtains. Lamps burn.*

RHASIS, *who is busy about the furnace, in a troubled manner, lifts a skull and is gazing at it, when ION enters suddenly and stops, pale with purpose.*

*Ion.* Rhasis——

*Rhasis (starting and looking round).* Young master  
Ion! what is this?

*[Drops the skull.*

Why have you left the city and come here?

Are you aware what hour you have chosen?

*Ion.* That of his dreams. I learned today: yet  
came.

*Rhasis.* And wherefore?

*Ion.* To restrain calamity,  
Which must await his reasonless belief —  
And to regain his love that I have lost.

*Rhasis.* And have not pondered what calamity  
Would fall on you  
Who would not learn his Art,  
But from its heritage to penury turned,  
If here and now he saw you

At this hour

When he believes that he shall raise the dead?

*Ion.* His curse; for he would think me come  
to thwart him,

And that I had forgot whatever wrong,

Unexpiated still, my father did him;

[*Looks at sarcophagus.*

And yet I will not go, for I have purposed —

And you tonight shall help me — (*pauses*)

*Rhasis.* Unto what?

*Ion.* Forgiveness of my disobedience —

That may be won from him with Myrrha's face.

*Rhasis.* Myrrha's!

*Ion.* Which can alone of earthly  
sights,

If what you tell of his dead wife be true:

And well you know it is! — He must behold her —

And hear our pleading.

*Rhasis.* At an hour like this!

*Ion.* Let her be placed yonder within those  
curtains,

While he is mingling here his mysteries,  
And when he ——

*Rhasis.* By the Prophet who is Allah's,  
Myrrha! Within this chamber! and tonight!

*[Ion goes to the door and leads Myrrha in.]*

Is there no heed in youth or hesitation,  
But only hurrying want! Do you not know  
He is without there, at this moment, saying  
Unto the seven planets in their spheres,  
The seven incantations against death?  
And that he ——

*Ion.* I know only he must see her.

*Rhasis.* And of all nights in the world, only  
tonight!

*Myrrha.* No, Ion! let us go. I fear this place,  
Its strangeness and that still sarcophagus  
Appal me.

*Ion.* And make you forget our love,  
And the long bridal-hope of it deferred?

*Rhasis.* Young master, she does not, in pen-  
ury too!

But pleas tonight would ope no nuptial way.  
Better than you I know it is not wise.  
For ten years is it  
I have dwelt with him  
While he has sought in vain this great Elixir.  
Ten passings of the pilgrims off to Mecca  
His wife has lain in that sarcophagus,  
Embalmed and waiting, as he thinks, to rise.  
And now, this hour, he hopes that it shall be.

*Ion.* And should it, will he not the more forgive  
me?

Or should it not, then seeing Myrrha's face,  
Myrrha whom you have said is so much like her,  
Will he not ——

*Myrrha.* Ion, no! but might — I fear!  
So fond his grief is and unfaceable!  
Let us return again unto the city  
And to my kindred who will hold us dear.

[*Starting.*

Listen, is it not he? (*Rhasis goes to window*)

Take me away!

*Ion.* And have him at the breaking of his dream  
With none near — and our love's desire be lost?

*Myrrha.* It will not: let us wait another time!

*Ion.* Than this when most your face would  
deeply move him?

I cannot, and 'twould shame me! for you know  
How dear to him is his dead wife who lies there,

*[Takes her hand.]*

And know our severed days!  
And shall we bend the knee to cowardice,  
Which ever has a premonition ready,  
When you who are so like her might tonight —

*[She starts back, for RHASIS, exclaiming,  
leaves the window.]*

*Rhasis.* He comes.

*Ion.* Now?

*Rhasis.* Go: or take this on  
yourselves.

*Ion.* Upon me be it! For there is no rest  
Until his pardon weds us — and I pay him.

*Rhasis.* Then but a word remains, young master, more:

To tell you — that I fear — lest thro long toil,  
His mind. . . .

*Myrrha.* Oh! (*recoils*)

*Ion.* It is not true! . . . No Myrrha! no!

[*Takes her in his arms.*

And is ingratitude I scorn to heed.

[*Turns away.*

Come then and by your beauty's likeness win him.

[*He leads her behind the curtains then goes, door left. A moment, which leaves RHASIS distraught, and ARDUIN enters. He pauses, as if at some presence; then, gazing on the sarcophagus, shudders with hope and comes down.*

*Arduin.* The night at last when I again shall  
clasp her

And banish death to biers beyond the stars!

*Rhasis* (*kneeling*). Master!

*Arduin.*

Rise up and never

kneel again!

For from henceforth

I shall be lord of life,

The secret of the phoenix in my hand.

*[Lifts an alembic.]*

Gray have I grown in quest of it and old,

Youthless and as a leper to delight,

But it has come at last — at last has come!

*[Sets vessel down.]*

*Rhasis.* And I rejoice, master, for I have toiled  
With you these many years — but is it sure?

*Arduin.* As the moon is in heaven! as the skies!

*[In an ecstasy.]*

For last night I beheld

In dreams deeper than day how it must be.

I saw a tomb far-hidden in the earth

And Life within it

Mixing salt and sulphur —

Twin elements

Of the great trinity.



I saw her hands pour out quick mercury  
Upon a bat's wing wrought with hieroglyphics,  
And then I saw her cast in gold and silver  
That melted with strange voice and sudden flame,  
The while she gazed on me most meaningly.  
And then . . . when all was done. . . .

*[The vision consuming him.]*

My wife, my Rhea, lit with loveliness  
And as a spirit clad with resurrection,  
Rose up within my dream . . . fair, young  
and glad! . . .

*Rhasis.* But, master . . . are dreams true?

*Arduin.* Such dreams as these?

*[Kindling.]*

*Rhasis.* Pardon! I know not — only that you  
say

Some come of Ophiuchus —

The demon you have warned me of — who oft  
With thwarting laugh has struck the secret from  
you. . . .

Many before have followed the mirage

Of dreams — but to more thirst: trust not too much!

*Arduin.* But fear? fear? you are falling from me too?

Like Ion the son of him who . . . you? you too?

At the prime moment?

*Rhasis.* No, my master, no!

But I would spare you pain unbearable.

*Arduin.* Ha! and believe — you do? — that all wise men

Of all the world could so have been deceived?

Believe — do, do? — that she *cannot* arise?

Did not great Hermes say of the Elixir

It should be found —

And did not Polydos,

The Greek, chancing upon it, raise his friends

In battle slain? . . .

Did not the Jew of Galilee, the Christ,

Whom even you name Prophet, likewise win it?

[*Peacelessly.*

Speak!

*Rhasis.* Master, yes! . . . But O! trust  
not too much.

Wiser, I know, than all Arabia  
Are you — like to Mahomet — were it not  
That you have set within your heart a woman.  
But if, perchance, the Elixir does not prove ——

*Arduin.* Availing? Have not all things pointed  
to it?

The day she died  
Did I not hear a voice  
That breathed into my brain she should arise?  
And as I waited did a book of wisdom  
Not chance into my hands to show the way?  
Were the first words I read not, *In ten years*  
*The miracle shall come* —

*Revealed to you within the land of the Sphinx?*

*Rhasis.* So read it, so! But ——

*Arduin.* Is this not that land?  
Are not those stones the pyramids that thro  
The ages have stood waiting for this hour —

When I shall bring her beauty back, today?  
Is not that face the Sphinx,  
Whose timeless and intemperable meaning  
No man has read in desert, star, or sea,  
But which must be the secret I unsphere?

*Rhasis.* O master!

*Arduin.* Fail, fail, fail? now to restore her?  
Who died as you shall know, here ere she rises,  
Because my brother — aieh! the father of Ion —  
Who bore as well that name —  
Desiring her, vilely accused her —

*Myrrha (involuntarily, behind curtains).* Oh! . .

*Arduin (bewildered).* Who spoke? It was her  
voice?

[*Runs to sarcophagus.*

*Rhasis.* No, master, no! . . .

*Arduin (slowly returning).* Fail, fail to bring  
her fairness from the tomb!

Her face which can alone sow finitude's  
Fell desolation with enverdured dreams  
And fill the ways of the world again with hope?

I tell you she eternal must arise —  
Tho God die for it!

*[Begins to gird himself.*

Must! . . . and the hour is now! —

Venus is in the house of ready Taurus,

The moon is full, and as I toiled today,

*[Goes to furnace.*

From the alembic a strange cloud arose,

And once again her face! . . . Prepare! pre-  
pare!

*Rhasis.* I will do all you say. But, master, if ——

*Arduin* (*immitigably*). No death-word more of  
doubt. It is the power

Which holds us futile from omnipotence.

Mete out the sulphur

Into the alembic

Of Cleopatra's crystal.—I must see her!

*[Rhasis hastens.*

See her again, my Rhea, as she was,

When plucking first the poppies of Provence!

And hear flow from her

Words sweeter than Memnon's in the wind of dawn!  
Here's gold and silver (*hands them*). She shall rise  
and say:

"Years pale you, pale your brow, my Arduin,  
And touch to gray the treasure of your hair,  
But not Antinous could be so fair  
To me — or wonderful:  
For you have brought me from the cold tomb to  
life! . . .

The bat's wing then! And to the sarcophagus  
To lift its lid! for I will wait no longer ——

*[Takes alembic, as Rhasis obeys, and continues  
invokingly:]*

But now, vial of immortality!  
By the presaging of the seven planets,  
And by the searchless sources of the Nile,  
And by the prayers of Christian and of Heathen,  
And by the elements earth, air and fire,  
That hold within their intermingled veins  
The secret of illimitable life —  
By fate and time and God — I here conjure you

Bring forth the Elixir which shall make her rise!

*[He pours the ingredients, and quickly fumes arise. They clear and a liquid is seen in the bottom of the glass. With a cry he starts toward the sarcophagus, when Myrrha's face — which, excited, has parted the curtains — stops him enspelled. Rhasis, unnerved, quits the room — leaving them agaze.]*

*Arduin (at length, as if to a spirit).*

I do not dream? . . . you have arisen? . . .

Rhea!

*[Starting toward her.]*

Arisen ere I touched you? — O fear not!

For I am Arduin! do you not know me?

*[She trembles speechless.]*

O wonderful awaking! O . . . at last!

Tho yet the memory of the tomb is on you! . . .

This land is Egypt, whither in my grief

I brought you, my dead bride! Look on me! see!

*[Stops quickly.]*

But no, not yet! until my youth comes back,  
As now it will,  
Over the sea from France!  
Already passion lifts away the years  
That weight its wings and I am as I was.  
Now gaze upon me, now! Is it not I?

*Myrrha.* Sir—!

*Arduin.* Sir! O quickly see. For to my breast  
Again has striving brought you, to my bosom!  
The bitter nights are ended — the blind pits  
Sleepless and infinite. Awake! stare not  
So strangely! press your lips in praise to mine,  
Your breast upon my breast! . . . Delay you  
still?

*Myrrha.* O sir — !

*Arduin.* See, see! the years have been too long.

*[Clasps her, dropping alembic.*

My arms have waited an infinitude.

*[She struggles.*

Do you not now remember with my lips



To yours, the brimming beauty of our youth?

*Myrrha.* Release me!

*Arduin.* Awake and know me! It is I!

Your lover Arduin whom once you wooed:

Whose every word was to you as a wind

Of God! whose every kiss. . . . Do you  
not see?

*Myrrha.* No, no! I'm not your love —

*Arduin.* Not —? You uprisen?

Has the tomb treachery to change the soul?

Ye skies, must I go mad now at this moment

When I have brought her back from destiny?

Not mine? . . . Awake! Oblivion enthralls  
you.

*[Suddenly starting from her.]*

Or is it that there in the grave, another —?

*Myrrha.* No, no! but —

*Arduin.* Ha, then! if not — if it be  
not —

Is it that here returned you wish another?

You who so gaze upon my goaded brow

And face grown old with toil to conquer death?  
 O youth ruthless to age! e'en tho its furrows  
 Were got for your delight! — Ingratitude! —  
 Have I so hungered thro long years to pluck  
 A flower of Hell back to the light! . . . No,  
 No!

It cannot be! . . . You shall be mine!

*Myrrha (in terror).* Sir, sir!

*Arduin.* Mad will I be, as they have thought me,  
 mad

In holding that which I have given life.

*Myrrha.* But you mistake! . . . I am not  
 what you think.

Hear me, for I love one who —

*Arduin.* Is not — I?

[*As to invisible judges.*]

You hear her say it?

*Myrrha.* O, I love but Ion,

Your —

*Arduin.* Ion, my brother! Then, God! it was  
 true,

And being true thy Heaven is but a brothel!

She was unfaithful to me, as he said!

And in the other world has met and clasped him!

*Myrrha.* No, let me speak!

*Arduin.* And spurn me more with it?

Shall I abide mockery like a mummy!

Ha-ha! (*A laugh that racks him.*)

Years but to hear her say that she loves him!

To see her come back from the grave, where she

Has still embraced him, still — and to my face,

On which the rage of sleepless toil is wrought,

Tell me. . . .

She shall die for it!            God, whose stars

Are vermin, she shall die!

*Myrrha.*                            O!

*Arduin (frenziedly).*            Die, die, die!

As trustless women should: until no womb

Of lies is left in the world! Die, and be shut

Again into the curst sarcophagus

From whence I brought her . . .

*Myrrha (in his grasp).* Sir! — help! — sir! do not!

O, I will love you!

*Arduin.* Liar! and turn from him  
Whom you betrayed me for — and swear again  
False love to me? Then . . . in the tomb  
do it!

*[Begins to choke her.]*

*Myrrha.* O!

*Arduin.* Aieh! cry out to him! will he  
not help you?

*Myrrha.* Ion!

*Arduin.* That word withering in your throat  
Shall stale you past all hope of resurrection.

*[Strangles her — and then looks around.]*  
So, it is done. . . . And now, back to your  
tomb,

Which I will bury in the desert sands  
So deep that not eternity can find it.

*[Begins to draw her toward sarcophagus.]*  
And yet (*stopping stricken*) all is not well . . .  
I now could weep.

*[With lone anguish.]*

I know not wherefore — only that my heart  
Is wounded and seems bleeding o'er the hours  
That I must live! . . . O Rhea! . . . O,  
my love!

*[Strangely kissing her.]*

Do you not hear the nightingale that sang  
The song of our betrothal in Provence?  
It sits upon. . . .

*[Changing again.]*

Accursed face! accurst! forevermore!  
Within the tomb lie (*dragging her*) blind, deaf,  
motionless,  
Until —

*[Looking into the coffin becomes transfixed,  
while MYRRHA'S limp body slips slowly  
from his arms. He gazes at her, at his  
wife, and tries to understand. But cannot,  
and so, standing long troubled, moans:]*

I am not well; perchance Rhasis will come  
And tell me what it is that I desired.

Men should not toil o'ermuch; there's madness  
in it.

*[Then seeing MYRRHA'S face and starting  
from it wildly:*

Rhasis! Rhasis! Rhasis! . . . Oh-oh-oh-oh!

*[Runs madly off right, as ION and RHASIS  
enter left. They look around, see MYRRHA  
and rush to her — with a cry.*

CURTAIN

## O-UMÈ'S GODS

## CHARACTERS

O-UMÈ . . . . . *A Samurai Girl*

AMA . . . . . *Her Servant, an old woman*

SANKO . . . . . *A Young Samurai*

and

A YOUNG JESUIT PRIEST



## O-UMÈ'S GODS

TIME: *The Sixteenth Century.*

PLACE: *Japan.*

SCENE: *A room in the house of O-Umè in a province near the sea. Its shoji, or sliding paper doors, open in the rear upon a wistaria arbor overhanging a river, upon which lighted lanterns, sent forth on the night of the Feast of the Dead, are dimly floating; while the moon above gleams upon the pale distant snow-cone of Fujiyama. The room with its deep straw mats and walls delicately portrayed with pine and bamboo has a paper-paned door on the right leading to a garden, and is lighted by andon — one beneath a shrine to Buddha on the left wall, and one to the left centre where O-UMÈ and AMA are sitting*

*on their heels, constrained, foreboding and verging toward inevitable words.*

*Ama (at length).* Down to the sea! the sea!  
Oh the dead!  
Do they not seem  
On the night air to hover?  
There by the lights  
Are not their spirits present?  
The lights lit for them?

[O-UMÈ *is silent.*

All our ancestors are they!  
Fathers and mothers  
Of many lives back!  
They hear us speaking,  
They hear from the Buddha-shrine  
There on the wall.  
They see us thinking.

[*Meaningly.*

They see in our hearts!

*O-Umè (who trembles).* Be silent! silent!

*Ama* (*bowing but continuing*). They know if we  
care for them —

Know as the wind  
That visits all shoji,  
Know as the night  
That searches all places.  
Alas for the son  
Who does not honor them!  
And for the daughter  
Who does not cherish them!  
They shall ——

*O-Umè.*                      Be silent!

[*A pause.*

*Ama.* Alas for the daughter!

*O-Umè* (*who rises disturbedly*).

The lips of the old  
Are like leaves dying —  
Leaves of Autumn  
That ever flutter!

[*Walks about.*

*Ama.* And a girl's mind

Is like the dawn mist —  
Knowing not whither  
To rest or wander —  
Until, perchance,  
It clings to Fuji,  
To Fuji mountain,  
Lord of the air!  
The mind of a girl . . . straying!  
And what is O-Umè's? . . . whose?  
*O-Umè. It is O-Umè's!*

*Ama.*

*Ai!*

Not Sanko's! . . .  
But were I she,  
O-Umè the fair,  
O-Umè the mist  
Of happy karmas,  
Sanko should be  
My Fuji mountain.  
Him would I cling to,  
Nor would I hunger  
To stray far from him

With a white priest!  
To stray far from him  
To foreign gods  
That hang on a cross.

*[Again bowing.]*

Is he not strong?

*O-Umè.*                      Be silent!

*[To herself, troubled.]*

The lips of the old!  
The lips of the old!

*Ama.* Is he not brave?

*O-Umè.*

I care not.

A samurai is he —

One whose sword is his soul.

*Ama.* And should his tongue be  
Like that of the other,  
The priest of the pain-god?

*[Immovably.]*

Is he not kind?

*O-Umè.*                      He is kind.

*Ama.* Kind! as O-Umè is cruel!

*O-Umè.* No, but as men are,

Wanting women:

Yet not once so was he!

For as children

We caught together

The June-night fire-flies

Out by the shrine of Jiso.

*Ama.* And then he loved you,

And ever has loved you,

And faithful is he!

*O-Umè.* Ai, and terrible! . . .

*Ama.* Terrible only

Because O-Umè

Turns from her fathers

And from the gods.

She sees their soul-ships

Sail to the sea —

The lights lit for them,

*[Motions without.*

And yet she offers

No cakes of welcome —  
None of farewell!  
No prayer to Buddha,  
Lotus-loving,  
And none to Kwannon  
Who is all mercy.  
But inward, inward  
She turns her eyes  
To see this stranger,  
Priest of the Christ-god.  
Outward, outward,  
Ever she gazes  
And ever listens,  
Ever, for him! . . .  
Oh false, false one!  
False to the dead —  
False to Sanko! . . .

*O-Umè (more distressedly).* The words of the old  
Are like the leaves,

*[Her voice breaks.*

Like Autumn leaves

That ever flutter.

*Ama.* And those of the young ——

*O-Umè* (*becoming distraught*). Oh will she hush  
not! . . .

Will this servant,  
Whom my mother  
Dying left me,  
Waste my heart so?

*[Weeps in her sleeve.]*

Sanko I fear,  
And fears of many  
Worlds crowd round me —  
Many karmas  
Of pain and passion,  
Births and rebirths.

*Ama.* And 'tis because  
This evil priest  
Stands in the door of your heart.

*O-Umè.* Will you revile him!

*Ama.* Cursed be he!

*O-Umè.* Ama!



*Ama.*

I pray it!

*[Rises slowly.]*

And curst he shall be.

*[O-Umè stares trembling.]*

For, O blind one,  
By him blinded,  
Do you not know  
The people have heard  
How he has bid you  
Cast away from you  
The gods of your house?  
The blessed Buddha  
And all the tablets  
Kept, ancestral?  
Ai, they have heard  
And tonight have risen!  
This night of the dead  
They have gone forth,  
With Sanko to lead them —  
Gone to tear down  
The house of the priest!

Gone to destroy  
The image he worships!  
Gone to ——

*O-Umè (stricken). Ama!*

*[Shrinks from her and then speaks wanly.]*

Never is there  
Trust in any?  
Only faith that fades?  
This was known —  
But kept from me,  
Kept in silence,  
Kept for Sanko? . . .  
O lord Buddha,  
Thou, or Christ,  
Is there peril? ——

*[Turns on her.]*

You have done ill!

*Ama. I have done well.*

*O-Umè. Ill! and ill shall come to you!*

For do you think  
So to prevent me

From my fate-way?  
No, I will find it!  
The Buddha and all  
The tablets ancestral  
Will I take down from the wall,  
And from me cast them  
Into the river. . .  
They shall float down to the sea.

*[Turns and goes to shrine.]*

*Ama.* O-Umè! O-Umè!

*[Catching at her kimono.]*

The gods forsaken  
Will pardon never!  
The gods — and the people!  
You will become  
Eta, an outcast,  
From them driven away.  
O-Umè! ,

*[The girl takes the shrine.]*

Remember your father  
Dead, and your mother.

They are hovering  
Round your fingers,  
Faint, offended!  
Will you pause not?

*[When O-Umè continues.*

Ah for Sanko! for Sanko!

*[Runs calling to door.*

Sanko! Sanko!

*[O-Umè stops motionless.*

Sanko! . . .

*O-Umè (after a pause). He waits then there?*

*A Voice (without). Ama! (nearer) Ama! . . .*

*[SANKO enters from the garden, dishevelled  
and breathless, but controlled. As he  
does so O-UMÈ drops the shrine and the  
image falls out.*

*Sanko. O-Umè! O-Umè!*

*[Ama goes quickly out.*

*O-Umè (again motionless). Honourable friend!*

*[With polished anger.*

You dwell in my garden?

And is my house

Even as your house?

*Sanko.* Be pleased to pardon! . . .

*O-Umè.* And you conspire here  
With Ama against me?

*Sanko.* O-Umè knows  
The samurai's honour.

*O-Umè.* O-Umè thought so,  
But does no longer!

*Sanko.* Ah the plum-blossom!  
Then it too  
Has thorns and poison?

*O-Umè.* Yes, for the hand of Sanko!  
Knowing the deed  
From whence he comes.  
Knowing that . . .

*[Breaks off, tensely.*

Where is the priest's house?

*Sanko (angrily).* Cast in the river!

*O-Umè.* Ai, for I see  
The blood on your hand

From the torn rafters!

Red, red blood

Of a deed of fury.

So I tell you,

Samurai rude,

Not for one life,

Even for one,

Will I be yours.

Please . . . to leave me.

*[He looks at his hand and is going.*

And yet . . . *(as he stops)* . . . not thus!

*[She struggles.*

The priest would bid me

Bind up your wound.

And you were once

Sanko my friend! —

Put forth your hand!

*[He does so.*

The blood —

*Sanko (with sudden fierceness).* The blood is his!

*[As she falls back with a cry.*

His! I have slain him!

[*Mockingly.*

And did his ghost  
Not come here flitting?  
Coldly flitting?  
Here with moaning  
Does it not hang  
Upon the roof-tree  
Hungering for you?  
He lay in the dark —  
One lay with him —  
One who escaped to the river.  
But him I slew  
That you might never  
Turn from the Buddha  
And from your fathers;  
Turn dishonoured  
Of all who greet you.

*O-Umè (speech coming at last).*

Ah! A-hi! Slain! . . .

It cannot be!

*Sanko (drawing a bloody sword).*

And is this wet with dew?

*O-Umè.* O let it pierce  
Your own heart, samurail  
For you shall never  
Again know peace.  
I will pray to  
The lord of Nippon,  
To the Shogun —  
Who gave entrance  
Here to the Christ-priest.  
Nay, I will die  
Myself that ever  
You may be hated  
By your own heart.

*[Starts toward river.*

I will cast  
Myself to the soul-world  
And bid the dead  
To bring you evil!  
Then the priest shall. . .



*[Breaks off — for standing in the arbour is the priest, pale and spectral. He has come up to the steps from the river. At the sight SANKO plucks her back, as if from a ghost. A pause, then the priest speaks sacrosanctly.]*

*The Priest.* The Christ looks on you,

*[Lifts a crucifix.]*

You, a murderer —

Tho it is not

I you have murdered.

*[SANKO gazes.]*

One slept with me,

A gentle servant,

Slept in my cloak . . . you have slain him.

*[Steps forward.]*

The Christ looks on you.

He will forgive you.

*[A pause.]*

*Sanko (recovering).* Priest!

*The Priest.*

Forgive you.

*[Holds crucifix toward him.]*

*Sanko.* By the eight million  
Gods, he mocks me!

*[Dashes it to floor.]*

And shall perish  
Or go from this village!

*The Priest.* Aye . . . but only  
When goes this maiden  
Whom you would hold  
Still to her idols.  
She must follow  
The Cross of Heaven.

*Sanko.* She shall follow  
O priest, but me.

*The Priest.* Murderer, pause! . . .  
There is a Hell  
Where the lost burn  
Even as say your sutras.

*[Sanko lifts his sword.]*

Pause! and strike not!

The smitten Christ  
No longer holds  
My hands from strife.

*[Towers over him.*

O-Umè, I bid you  
Now cast away  
The gilded gods you have worshipped.

*Sanko.* And I forbid

O-Umè *to move.*

*O-Umè (heedless of either).* And I, O-Umè,  
O'er whom you quarrel,  
And whom you tear  
Twixt Christ and Buddha,  
I, O-Umè, will end it.

*[Lifts the BUDDHA from the floor, and the  
crucifix, over her head.*

Be all the gods forsaken —  
Even as these!

*[Goes to river and casts them in. Then meets  
their horror with ever increasing passion.*

Be all!

And be you gone  
Forevermore!  
For if again  
I see your faces,  
If again  
They grieve my hours,  
If again  
While Fuji stands there —  
The river shall gulf me, too.  
I swear it by the dead.

*[They look at her awed, then go slowly, silently  
out. She sinks on her heels, hands folded,  
and stares before her. The lights on the  
river drift on.]*

CURTAIN

# THE IMMORTAL LURE

## CHARACTERS

**VISHWAMYA . . . A Renowned Ascetic**

RISHYAS . . . . *His Son, a Young Saint*

SUNANDI . . . . *An Old Woman of the Court of the  
Rajah of Anga*

KOİL . . . . . *A Young Girl of the Court*

## THE IMMORTAL LURE

TIME: *The antiquity of India.*

SCENE: *Before the hermitage of VISHWAMYA and RISHYAS, in a forest near the Ganges. It is an open space spread with kusa-grass and overhung with trees — the hermitage itself being a cell constructed of earth and of hanging roots of the banyan, and having by it an altar before which lies a deer-skin. Glimmering lights and running water penetrate the shades, whose sacredness is soon disturbed by the appearance of SUNANDI, wantonly compelling KOÏL, with alternate harshness and wheedling, to enter with her.*

*Sunandi (peering about).* The place, my jewel-bird! the place for it!

Under these boughs of peepul and asoka  
The young saint dwells  
With his restraining sire,  
Singing the Vedas morning, eve and noon,  
And they are gone somewhither now in the wood  
To gather fruit for sacrifice, and flowers.

[*With a leer.*

But he, the boy, will soon return, my pretty.

*Koïl (whom she has released).* And you have  
drawn me from the city here

To break into his holy breast with passion?

To dance and sing and seize him?

I you have taught the wiles of winning men,

As the cobra-charmer teaches,

Must lure him from his saintly innocence,

And with the beauty I was born unto

Must tangle him? . . .

You, O Sunandi, are an evil woman,

To lead me to it!



*Sunandi.* And you talk as flies talk!  
Who know not that the gods sow food or famine.

[*Harshly.*

I tell you that great Indra of the skies  
Is wroth with us  
And will not send us rain,  
So wisest Brahmins vow —  
Until this boy,  
This saintly one, is brought unto the Raja!  
Are we to die because not otherwise  
Than with alluring now we can appease them?

[*Leering again.*

And why are women fair, my cunning Koil,  
But to tempt men then, when they seek to take us——

*Koil.* Sunandi!

*Sunandi.* It is so, unwitted girl!  
Be silent then  
And do what I command.

[*Wheedling again.*



And who beholds not beauty is as dead.

[*Starts.*

But ha? 'tis he?

No, only parakeets,

Chattering as you chatter, idle girl!

Who ever were resistant to my teachings!

I tell you chirp no more these chastities!

If you come back to the Raja

And without him,

Know you what then will happen?

*Koïl.*

I know not.

[*Hears a voice.*

Nor care not. I will return.

*Sunandi.* Stop, girl.

*Koïl.*

I will not.

All others will I tempt, but ——

*Sunandi (holding her).* Him will love!

[*RISHYAS slowly approaches, chanting.*

And you were suckled at the breast of fortune

To be the first so fair a saint shall look on.

Use well your charms — and chain him with enchantment.

*[Sees the girl is enthralled by the voice and goes into wood. RISHYAS soon enters opposite, laden and singing:*

Spirit of the risen sun!

Now returns the offering-hour.

Fruit I bring to you and flower,

Here receive them, O great —

*[Breaks off, at sight of her, and the offerings fall slowly from his arms.*

*Koîl (as they gaze long and tremblingly).*

O saint, is it peace with you, and is all well?

And have you roots and fruit enough for food;

And have you joy in singing holy Vedas

Here in this leafy-hearted hermitage?

*Rishyas.* O radiant one, yes — all is godly well.

But whence are you?

And whither do you go?

I have dwelt only here, and not before

Have I beheld so fair a vision fall —

Even from skies where wing the Apsaras.

*Koîl.* I am not fair, O son of Vishwamya,

[*Timidly.*

But I have come from very far away.

*Rishyas (quickly).* And I have offered you no  
laving-water

For hands and feet,

Nor any fruit and herbs!

Will you not sit upon this mat of kusa,

Or on this skin of the wild antelope,

And let me loose your sandals? — O sweet saint,

For saint so bright an one must be! — it will

Be dear to touch and tend you!

For in this place I have beheld no other —

Only my father,

Who is old and mighty

In meditations he would have me mind.

But you are fair as well. Will you not sit?

*Koîl.* No, pious one, it is not meet for me

To touch the holy water — yet I thank you.

*Rishyas.* Not meet for you? O, unto one who is

So beautiful, are not all things most meet?  
Better are you, I know, than all the devas.  
And tho for but a moment I have seen you,  
I fain would follow  
The holy vows you follow.  
For you I would do all things. When I gaze  
Upon you all my body is as fire  
Upon the altar when I sacrifice.  
Will you not eat or drink?

*Koîl.*

Not at your hands.

But see, O holy one, here are rare cakes,  
Brought with me from afar, and here is soma,  
Sparkling and ready with divinity  
To lift whoever drinks of it to joy.  
Drink you with me!

*Rishyas.*

O gladly will I; give it.

*[Takes the flask; drinks deeply.]*

A wine of wonder is it and of wisdom,  
For now it makes you seem even more fair  
Than first you were.  
O let me tend about you,

And let me wreathe your brow and limbs with  
flowers.

*[Takes some and entwines them over her.]*

Koïl (*trembling*). And you are beautiful. So I  
will weave

Flowers upon you too. And see, and see,

O, Rishyas, see,

For I will dance to you —

The dance of all the dreamers in the world!

*[Unbinds her body-cloth and begins to dance  
— slowly at first then more alluringly,  
as he follows her, marvelling. Then at  
length she stops close up to him and  
murmurs:]*

Does it not fill your heart, O Rishyas,

With longing?

*Rishyas.* Yes, yes, yes. And with desire,

I know not why, to lay my lips to yours!

Then life, it seems, would burst all ill that binds it.

*[Instinctively; clasping her.]*

Oh this is sweeter than all other joys

Of holiness that I have ever known.  
Your voice is like to piping of the koils  
That play in spring.

*Koïl.* And Koïl am I named.

*Rishyas.* And what is this I feel for you, O wise  
one?

In skies from whence you come, what is its name?  
So pure are you that surely you can tell me?

*Koïl.* O holy one, the people call it love.

*Rishyas.* Then is love better than all other bliss  
My father's meditations ever bring.

And I will seek thro all the lapse of lives  
To hold you thus,

And have your arms about me,  
As vines about the asoka clingingly.

Happy am I that you have found me out,  
And never shall you leave me.

*Koïl.* No — for ever!

*[More passionately.]*

But unto the city you shall go with me  
And there with Brahmin rites be made my husband.



*Rishyas.* Which is—I know not what—yet  
will I be

Husband and more to you. For now it seems  
That not the tiger in his jungle-might,  
Nor any incarnation terrible,  
Could tear you from me.

*Koïl.* Then come quickly, now,  
And I will be for you a champa-flower,  
Swung sweetly and forever to your breast.  
And often will I dance for you and sing  
And love you, *Rishyas*, as a deva-queen!  
Come quickly, one is waiting in the wood  
To guide us.

*Rishyas.* Yes, O yes! (*remembering*) But stay!  
my father!  
First I will tell him I have won this wisdom.

*Koïl.* No, no!

*Rishyas.* Yes! (*calls*) Father! father!

*Koïl (in terror).* *Rishyas*, no!  
But come, come with me quickly.

*Rishyas (astonished).* Do you fear?

*Koîl.* He is so old! . . . You guess not what you do.

Haste, or he will forbid.

*Rishyas.* You know him not.

For I will tell him you are a holier saint

To guide my steps,

Then will he bid me go.

Ho! father! ho!

*Vishwamya (heard off).* My son, you call? I come.

*Koîl.* O, I must flee—

*Rishyas (dazed).* I do not understand.

*Koîl.* Sunandi! Speak, Sunandi!—Ah, he comes.

[*VISHWAMYA enters and seeing her stops amazed. SUNANDI enters behind unseen.*

*Deep suspense.*

*Rishyas (uncomprehendingly).* Do you see, father,

I have found one here

Holy, and fairer than the Apsaras.

And I shall follow her, she is some goddess.

For I desire only to be with her,

And she has taught me this desire is love.

O and I love her,

And tho yet I know

Not well what miracle love is in me,

Yet it is better than this hermitage.

For it has made me seem. . . . But what  
burns in you?

*Vishwamya.* My son, you are beguiled. Let  
go her hand

That leads you on to ruin. Do you not

Behold what manner of creature you so clasp?

*Rishyas.* Yes, yes — a deva!

*Vishwamya.* Deva! This is a woman,  
And women like the wind are full of wiles,  
And tempt saints to abandon Swerga's rest.  
He who would rule his mind has naught with them.  
Let go her hand and send her away.

*Rishyas (amazed).* Away!

Never shall she go from me and without me.

If women are evil, as you say, she is not,

Therefore she is no woman.

*Vishwamya.*

O vain boy!

In passion's jungle! Break from her at once!

*Rishyas.* I will not. Her I worship, holily.

And she has given me a drink of heaven

That has diffused deity in my limbs.

*Vishwamya.* And death, and an eternity of  
births! —

These flowers (*on his neck*) and her feigning have  
bewitched you!

[*Seizes them.*

I tear them off and trample them to earth.

*Koïl.* Rishyas! Rishyas!

*Rishyas.* Be not afraid, my Koïl;

He is my father

And he knows you not,

For did he, he would clasp you, as I clasp.

Or it may be that he is little pleased

Because I find you holier than he.

O father, peace. Control your mind. Farewell.

I go with her.

*Vishwamya.* Beguilèd boy! you shall not.

Thro all these years I have not, from its lair,  
Unloosed black anger.

But this evil one

And your desire to follow ways of flesh

Compel me. Come, come from her!

*Rishyas.*

I will never.

*Vishwamya.* Then must I drag you — and drive  
her away.

[*Strikes Koil.*

Away, lust-thing! away!

*Rishyas.*

Oh, oh! Oh, oh!

[*In horror.*

A demon enters into you and dupes you

To strike her thus, a holy one. Restrain!

*Vishwamya.* No, tho I slay her!

*Rishyas.*

Slay? O wickedness!

[*Seizes up wood of sacrifice.*

Must I beat off your hands? — Touch her no more.

*Vishwamya.* Wild-vaunting boy! the drink and  
this vile girl

Have maddened you. (*To Koil*) Away!

*Rishyas.* Call her not vile!

*Vishwamya.* Viler is she than sin!

*[Again strikes her.*

*Rishyas (uncontrollably).* You do a death-deed.

*[Falls on him with the weapon and fells him quickly to the ground — then recoils with a cry. The old man strives vainly to rise.*

*Koîl.* Oh, oh! — what have you done!

*Vishwamya (mortally hurt).* Slain . . . slain  
his father!

And lost enlightenment . . . and peace  
. . . forever!

*[After a struggle, terribly.*

But not to gorge upon the fruit of sin!

*[Turning on KOÎL.*

The curse of bitter karmas be upon you!

May you be born a worm and crawl in slime,

A serpent thro ten score of lives, and slough

Your skin in hideousness and hate and horror!

*Koîl.* Oh, oh!

*Vishwamya.* At every death may you despair

Of ever acquiring merit!

*Rishyas (terrified).* Father!

*Vishwamya (to him).*

Aye!

*[His strength failing.]*

For love, blood-guilty boy, the love which she  
Has slipped into your heart, is the curse of the  
world,

The immortal lure of all the generations!

Your arms have ached with it about her body,

But know that in the city whence she came

All evil men feel in their hearts this ache.

And that you may escape from it, know this:

Not your arms, yours alone, have been entwined

About this poison-flower — but, perchance,

*[Sinking back.]*

The arms of many.

*Rishyas (starting painedly).* What is it he means?

*[With emotions he does not understand.]*

Koïl, what has he said?

*Koïl.*

O let me go!

*Rishyas.* The arms of many? that can not be true?

*[Tortured by half-born thoughts.*

O, have I fallen into demon-snares?

Is beauty not the bloom of piety?

Speak.

*Koîl.* I would go!

*Rishyas.* Pain! only darker pain!

*Koîl (at length overwhelmed).* I am not holy —  
nor am I pollution!

But only one sent hither — O, the gods

Bid us to sin, then fell us with calamity!

*[Hurries weeping off with SUNANDI, who has  
stood in terror. RISHYAS stands dazed,  
then comprehension dawns upon him and  
he falls by his father's body in a storm of  
anguish.*

THE END



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